MIDWEST COMPUTER GENEALOGISTS

NEWSLETTER

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Schedule for meetings

Our meeting for this month will be on June 15 at 9:30 a.m. in Bromwell Lounge at Brookdale Foxwood Springs in Raymore, Missouri. We are rescheduling the program we had planned for January. We ask our members to bring their family history success stories, their questions, and any family treasures they want to share with all of us. Weather has been a real problem this year. Here is what the schedule was, is, and will be for the rest of the year:

January 19–Cancelled by snow; (Originally "Sharing Family Research and Family Treasures");
February 16–Canceled by snow; (Originally Al Morse, "Charles McDaniel");
March 16–Jim Beckner, "Cass County Railroads";
April 20–Cancelled by Easter weekend;
May 18–Al Morse, "Charles McDaniel;"
June 15–"Sharing family research and Family Treasures";
July 20–Del Sherwood, "Publishing Books Online";
August 17–Julia Morse, "Finding Your Ancestors' Stories in Books Free Online";
October 19–Chelsea Clarke, "Immigrant Ancestor Research"; "
November 16–Beth Foulk, "Where Did You Come From, Missouri Settlers?".

We hope to see you on Saturday, June 15. Everyone is welcome to attend.

THE **PRESIDENT'S CORNER**

Al Morse

Father's Day is a time to honor our fathers. It is usually a most happy day. As I grew up in Rich Hill, Missouri, my father, Albert Frank Morse, Sr., worked on Sundays for many years. My mother, Mildred Catherine (Janssens) Morse, made sure we had a special supper. On the Saturday before Father's Day, we would go to my grandparent's, Clark Frank and Alma Dona (Miller) Morse, house in Rich Hill. My father's sister and brother and their families would also be there to wish their father a Happy Father's Day.

After my marriage to Dorothy Jean Newcomb, we would go to the farm to wish her father, Herbert Edgar Newcomb, a Happy Father's Day. We would also go to Rich Hill to see my father as well. We usually did this on a Saturday.

After October 4, 1967, I was able to celebrate my first Father's Day as a father when our son, Brian, was born. Then, after September 29, 1970, when our son, Steve, was born, I was able to celebrate even more.

Father's Day in 1972 was different. My father was in the Nevada, Missouri, City Hospital for tests. My oldest son had a cyst removed from his neck on Friday, June 16, in Independence, Missouri. He was able to go home that evening. The next day, Saturday, June 17, a little after the noon hour, my mother called to tell me that Dad had a stroke. She was getting ready to go to Nevada. Since she did not drive, she got a friend to take her there. I left my house in Independence and drove to Nevada, leaving Dorothy and the boys at home. Mom had also called my brother, Carl.

I got there about 4 pm. Dad had already experienced a massive cerebral hemorrhage. He was unconscious and breathing very heavily. He was in ICU, but ICU in 1972 was much different than it is today. There were 4 beds in the room. Mom had gotten there before the cerebral hemorrhage and had visited with Dad. The doctor said there was nothing they could do. We spent the night there. The family minister spent much of the night and finally left as he had to preach that Sunday morning. We could go in to see

Dad every two hours. My father died about 6 p.m. on Sunday, June 18, 1972, Father's Day.

The next year, I went on a mission trip with church members to Juarez, Mexico. We arrived back home on Father's Day, June 17, 1973. During the day, Dorothy received a phone call that her grandmother, Lillie Ethel (Burke) McDaniel had died.

The next year, Dorothy had her first cancer surgery, a radical left Mastectomy, in early March. There were no chemo or radiation treatments. Less than a week before Father's Day, our oldest son had major surgery in Independence. My mind was going through many possibilities. However, on June 16, 1974, Father's Day, I had lunch with my son in the hospital. I had ordered, the day before, the steak and lobster meal. He liked steak and had never tasted lobster. So he ate the steak and I ate the lobster. I enjoyed that Father's Day. My son's recovery was a wonderful Father's Day gift.

Things began to iron out over the years. Father's Day was gladly celebrated. In fact, our younger son, Steve, enjoys Father's Day with his two sons, Wyatt, 17, and Owen, 15.

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MEMORIES OF THE WAR

Marjorie Slavens

Many of us now do not personally remember D-Day, 1944. I was in elementary school, and most of my contact with the war came through our "Weekly Reader" newsletters. Three of my uncles were in military service, one in North Africa and then in England at the time of D-Day, and one was in the Navy in the Pacific. My first grade teacher had three sons in military service, and she talked about them, but I was really not old enough to understand what was happening, other than the separation of families. My older brother made planes from the backs of cereal boxes, and I understood that I should prefer the American and British planes and reject the Japanese and German planes. We bought "War" Stamps" at school–a red one for a dime and a green one for a quarter. People talked about rationing of coffee, sugar, gas, etc. My great grandfather, who had owned a general store in Asbury, Missouri since 1905, closed his store in 1943 because, at 80, he was not going to deal with those government stamps. He had tried to sell the store several times in the 1930s, but people did not have the money to make payments to buy it, and he got it back several times.

I remember pictures of Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin–good friends, I thought, but not long after the war, the Russians became our worst enemies, and the Germans and Japanese, our enemies during the war, became our good friends. Of course, I had no understanding of our historic relationship with the Russians after the Russian Revolution and before World War II. We did not have television, so we did not see the war in our living room.

ADRIAN VETERANS MEMORIAL

Al Morse

On May 27, 2019, the Saturday of Memorial Day weekend, I went to Adrian, Bates County, Missouri. They have a Veterans Memorial there and they, every year, have a ceremony to remember the war dead. The speaker this year was Charles H. McDaniel, Jr. Charles Jr.'s father was killed in the Korean War in November, 1950. His body was returned last summer from North Korea , and his dog tag was also with him.

Charles Jr., who was only 3 years old when his father was killed, gave a speech concerning his father and the Korean War and also his military experiences. He was also a minister and a chaplain for the army.

Several members of the extended McDaniel family were there. We had lunch at the home of Charles Jr.'s cousin in Adrian. We then went to the Bates County Museum in Butler. It was there that I saw and held the dog tag.

Charles Jr.'s wife, Karen, showed me a book presented to Charles after his dad's body was identified in Hawaii. The book explained the process in the identification of the body. In the report, the person who's DNA positively identified the body of Charles H. McDaniel was Dorothy J. Morse, my wife. Dorothy was a niece of Charles H. McDaniel. She gave the DNA sample sometime around the year 2000. The government was trying to identify female relatives of MIA soldiers for positive identification if a body was later found. Of course, Dorothy, who died last January 3, would have been proud that her DNA was used to identify the body of her mother's brother.

HOW MANY DNA TESTS DOES ONE FAMILY NEED?

Recommended article on Ancestry Blog:
https://www.ancestry.com/corporate/blog/how-many-dna-tests-does-one-family-need

ANCESTRY BLOG

Marjorie Slavens

I am glad to meet Juliana Szucs again on the Ancestry Blog. I used to follow her on her "Ancestry Weekly Discovery" and "Ancestry Weekly Journal" articles, and I still use some of that information in preparing newsletters. The previous article was of greater interest to me at the moment because of Al Morse's previous article about his wife, Dorothy's contribution of DNA to help identify her uncle, Charles McDaniel. In addition, my great niece and great nephew have recently done DNA testing. Since I have no children, I thought it was not really very imnportant for me to do such testing, but now, I wonder. Juliana Szucs indicates that aunts, uncles, cousins, etc. are also important in creating the total Family DNA picture.

(Note: Articles for the newsletter about your family history research are always welcome.)

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